

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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Eric Ager

## Prince Richard and His Mother, The Duchess of Gloucester

Born on August 26 at Northampton, little Prince Richard, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's second son, is getting on for two months old. He is Queen Mary's ninth grandchild, and is fifth in direct succession to the throne, coming immediately after his brother, Prince William, who will celebrate his third birthday in December. When the Duke of Gloucester goes to take up his appointment as Governor-General of Australia, both Prince William and Prince Richard will accompany their parents to the Commonwealth



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Broomstick

NOTHING signifies this age of speed as much as the Prime Minister's sudden arrival in Moscow. If we were not living in such times of terrible reality, the reports of his comings and goings would read almost like a fairy tale. First he is here, and then he's there. He does not seem to be in any place for very long. But all the time he is dealing with the gravest problems of the present and of the future. That by modern means time and space can be so narrowed is truly astonishing. Compared with the old and leisurely days of but a few years ago Mr. Churchill's journeys are breathtaking. Compared with Marlborough's diplomatic missions across the Continent by coach the Prime Minister appears before us—and the people of other countries—like a statesman on a broomstick.

## Review

THE purpose of Mr. Churchill's sudden visit to Moscow has naturally caused a lot of speculation everywhere. The particular warmth of the welcome he received on arrival and at the luncheon given in his honour by Marshal Stalin should dispel at once the doubts of those who may have imagined that there had been some hitch in Anglo-Russian relations. Mr. Churchill is a firm believer in the power for good of all personal contacts. At Quebec he explained to newspaper correspondents that even the modern cable and long-distance telephone were in reality blank walls when policies had to be framed and decided. He indicated that distance was no object in his search for complete co-operation. This, then, is what took him to Moscow. First we can assume that Mr. Churchill wanted to give

Marshal Stalin a personal report on his talks with President Roosevelt at Quebec. Then he desired, no doubt, to get Marshal Stalin's reactions to the possibility of an early meeting between all three statesmen. Before this can happen the war will have to be waged towards what we hope will be its final climax. Mr. Churchill is in a better position than most people to discuss the actual deployment of the Allied forces in the west, for he has so lately visited the battlefields. The ideal which undoubtedly he desires to achieve is the complete co-ordination of the strategy of the forces now circling Germany. Simultaneous action on all fronts would produce a blow of maximum power. This alone can ensure the speedy end to the war. Piecemeal attacks, feints, lunges and offensives with restricted objectives can all play their part, but they have not in themselves, taken separately, the power to damage. If Mr. Churchill has been able to achieve an understanding with Marshal Stalin for a complete dovetailing of the military plans of all the Allies a quick victory is assured.

## Negotiation

MR. ANTHONY EDEN's third visit to Moscow was without doubt for the purpose of finding a solution of the Polish problem. The Prime Minister and Mr. Eden have spent many hours on this, and have dispatched innumerable telegrams to the Soviet Government. Often their efforts have been full of promise, but invariably the results have been disappointing. So much depends on a satisfactory settlement of the future independence and integrity of Poland that we can safely assume it was one of the compelling reasons which caused Mr. Churchill to take Mr. Eden with

him. If they are able in Moscow to produce an understanding it will be a relief to all and a good augury for the future.

## Security

ALL the experts who have studied the Dumbarton Oaks Plan for a new world security organization are convinced of one thing. The proposals as they stand at the moment represent a distinct improvement on the machinery of the old League of Nations. There has been less slavish adherence to legal formula. Quite a lot is left to the wisdom and good sense of the Big Powers to deal with situations as they may arise. At Dumbarton Oaks the experts refused to attempt to define what is an aggressor. They propose that the Powers should decide this for themselves if and when they are called upon to face the question. One vital issue failed to find agreement. This is the question of unanimity in the Security Council. Soviet Russia wishes the power to remain for any State member of the Security Council to veto a decision. The British and American Governments were not able to agree on this right of veto, and the matter has been left over for further consideration. Presumably it will be discussed when Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt next meet. They will also decide the home of the new League of Nations. There is an idea that it should not have a permanent place, such as Geneva, for headquarters, but should hold its annual assemblies in different countries from time to time. This proposal is not likely to meet with all-round approval. There is so much work attached to a world organization, as was proved by the League of Nations, that it must be almost impossible for an official secretariat to move from place to place.

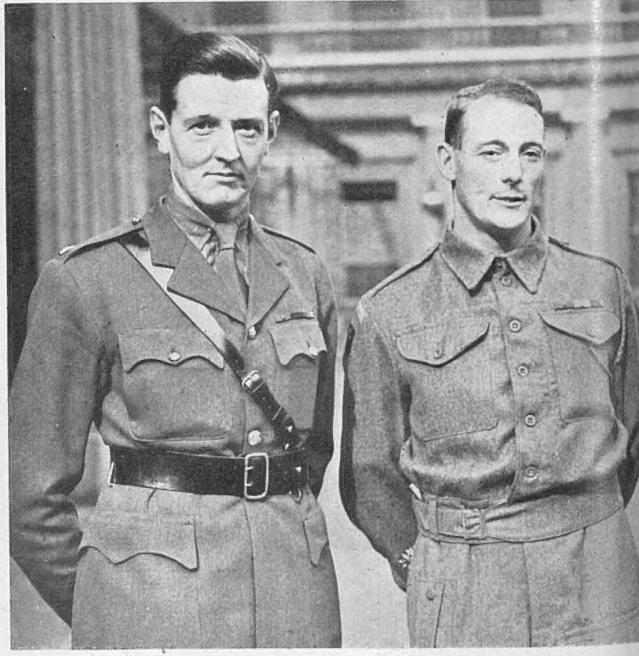
## Prospects

THE proposals as they have been agreed by experts of Britain, the United States and Soviet Russia as well as China, do not commit any one of the Governments. For the time being they are tentative proposals, and subject to modification and discussion. For instance, it is by no means certain that the United States Congress will accept the proposals as they stand. Considerable advance in public opinion has taken place in America since the end of the



Three V.C.s Receive Their Awards at a Recent Buckingham Palace Investiture

Brigadier Lorne Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, won the V.C. in Tunisia in 1943. He was accompanied to the Palace by his wife and two sons. His uncle, Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell (right), who won the V.C., D.S.O. and two bars during the last war, congratulated him



Major William Sidney, V.C., Grenadier Guards, who won the Cross for gallantry on the Anzio beachhead, and Company Sergeant-Major Stanley Hollis, Green Howards, awarded the V.C. for his heroism in Normandy on D-Day, were both at the investiture

last war. But politics can play strange tricks and Mr. Cordell Hull indicated his own anxieties when he said that the proposals left a lot of work yet to be done. He himself has worked hard behind the scenes in Congress to achieve approval in advance, and it is to be hoped that his efforts will finally be crowned with success. There is not likely to be serious opposition to the proposals in this country, and Soviet Russia has committed herself to the plan. In the words of Marshal Stalin the Allies must be prepared for peace as well as the maintenance of peace-time forces large enough to thwart aggression and the threat of aggression.

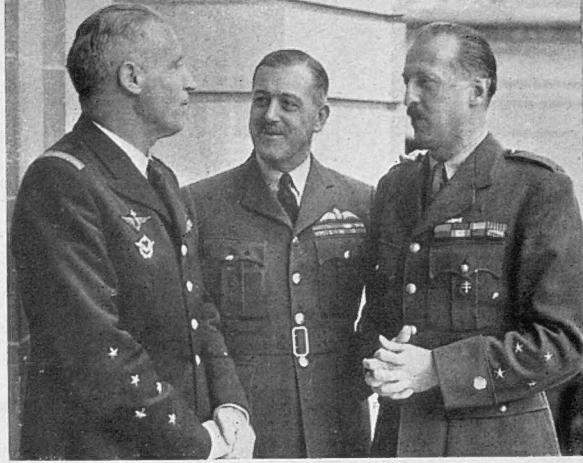
#### Politics

IN the House of Commons the prospects of an end to the present Coalition and the possibility of a General Election are the main topics of smoke-room talk. The process of planning for the post-war period has produced a cleavage on principles much earlier than was anticipated. The Labour Party apparently feel that they have gone as far as they can in the direction of compromise on the question of the future control of civil aviation as well as on the principle of compensation for owners of blitzed property. The Conservatives want free enterprise and a minimum of Government control after the war and, above all, they want full recognition of the right to adequate compensation of those whose property has been damaged or may be seized by local authorities for development after the war. Before Mr. Churchill went to Moscow he tried to anticipate a political crisis by withdrawing the contentious clauses on compensation from the Town and Country Planning Bill. Events will prove if he merely postponed the crisis.

#### Partners

THE war is not yet won. Victory has been planned but the national effort must be united to assure the efficient organization of the final phases of the war in Europe and the Far East. These are the considerations which will compel those in authority to attempt to maintain the present National Government as long as possible. Can they maintain this unity and at the same time fulfil the pleas of those who desire the plans for the post-war

period to be made now? I don't think they can. Therefore it becomes a question of what is more important: to win the war as quickly as possible, or to disregard that and plan the peace. It is a very difficult problem for Mr. Churchill. He is a man of great loyalties. There is no doubt that his war Government has shown more team spirit and real friendship up to this point than any other Coalition. The parting of these partners in war is not going to be easy when it comes, as it seems inevitable it must come. The Prime Minister cannot all at once ask for the dissolution of Parliament while ministers are occupying their departments in association with others who are about to fight them at the polls. There is one suggestion to overcome this problem, and it is that Mr. Churchill should bring this Government to an end and form a Party Government of Conservatives. The Labour Ministers would go into Opposition and then in due time the General Election would be held. This proposal seems to appeal more



*Anglo-French Conversation*

General Koenig (right), Military Governor of Paris, visited Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh Mallory at his H.Q. in France. On the left is Gen. Bruscat of the French Air Force



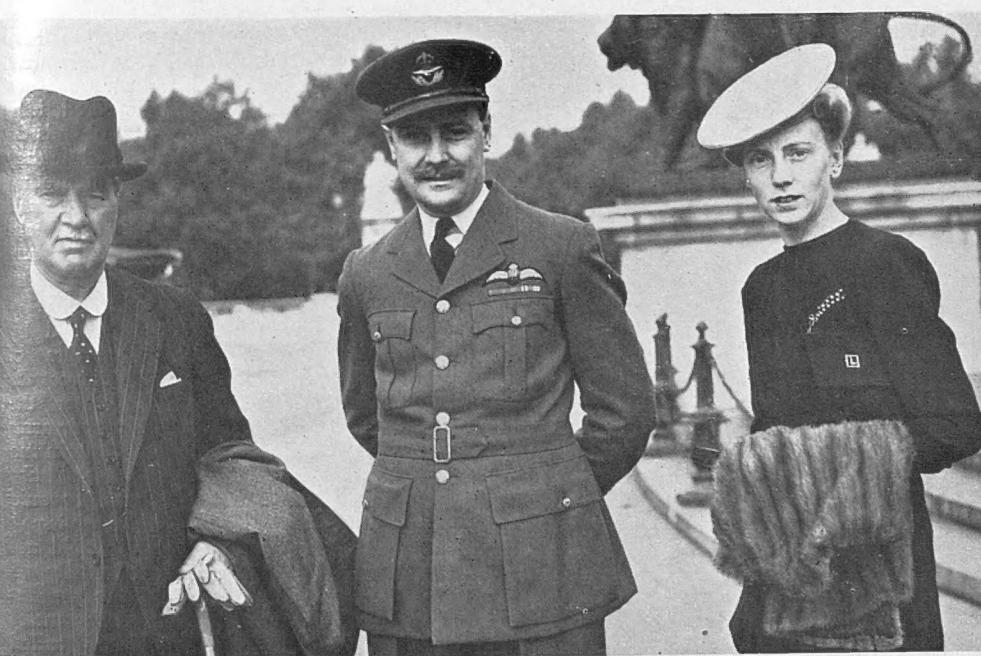
*Inaugurating a New Air Line*

Passengers arriving in France in the first U.S. Army Air Transport aeroplane to fly direct from America included General George C. Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, and Justice James F. Byrnes, Director of Office of War Mobilization. They were met by General Eisenhower (left) and Major-General Omar Bradley

than any other to all concerned and in the circumstances it may come to pass quicker than is generally anticipated.

#### Appointment

VISCOUNT SWINTON has come home from West Africa to undertake a vitally important task, which is to create almost out of nothing a commercial air fleet for Great Britain. The war has robbed this essential service of machines and men and forward plans. Because of his energetic approach to problems of all kinds, Viscount Swinton is regarded as a happy choice for the hard work which his task will mean. In the immediate future he will be concerned in laying the foundations of a new service, producing prototypes of the machines by which Britain will span the airways of the world, and then it may rest with him to influence the basic principle of this service. Is commercial aviation to be completely Government-controlled, i.e. nationalized; or is private enterprise to have the opportunity to develop its initiative, foresight and efficiency in order to win prestige and financial reward for Great Britain?



*Wing Commander Gets the D.S.O.*

Wing Commander G. R. Howie, the well-known sportsman, received the D.S.O., which he won during operations in the Middle East, at a recent investiture held by the King at Buckingham Palace. His wife and his father went to see him receive his decoration

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

West and Middle West

By James Agate

WHAT a very interesting and exciting city Lisbon must be! Placing my complete confidence in Hollywood's never-failing accuracy I have decided that Portugal's capital is a picturesque jumble of dark streets and over-lit night-clubs, whose frequenters and habitués consist entirely of spies, dancers, singers, guitar-players, thugs, poisoners and garrotters. I feel that there is no such thing as an ordinary house, or an ordinary family, or an ordinary person throughout the length and breadth of Portugal's metropolis. This, no doubt, is why films about Lisbon, Madrid, Madagascar, Honolulu or Hawaii are so popular; none of those places bears the slightest resemblance to Streatham Hill, or even Wimbledon.

AND now comes the newest spy thriller, which is called *Storm Over Lisbon* (Regal, Marble Arch). Once again British Lion waves its magic paw, and lo! enter once more all the dark streets, all the spies, and an even finer assortment of dancers, thugs, poisoners, etc. Heaven and Wardour Street alone know what they are all up to. The story worms itself in, out, over, around and about some secret message from Washington—or is it to Washington? At any rate the message is printed on a strip of film, and is concealed in a candle. Of course the spies try to get hold of the candle, but I don't need to tell you that they fail. For if they succeeded—always provided the anti-spies didn't get the gadget first—the picture would be a flop and nobody would go to see it.

HEAD, tail, forepart and hindquarters of the Lisbon spy organization is the great Deresco (Erich von Stroheim) who runs what must be the largest club in the world. I think I heard Deresco himself remark that it contained a thousand rooms. It also has gambling apartments the size of the Albert Hall, a lounge into which Wembley Stadium would go comfortably, and a most convenient tower with roof-garden looking on to the river Tagus, down which any person unable to spy, or inefficient in spying, or refusing to spy, is quickly and comparatively silently shot into the water below. This fate nearly befalls one spy, an anti-spy, and some of the lesser *dramatis personae* who do not seem able to make up their minds which country to spy for.

THE whole thing is an orgy of the most delirious nonsense ever conceived; and some distant traveller, unused to Hollywood thrillers, might think it was a satire. But, golly, it isn't, not by the longest of chalks. There is the Beautiful Maritza. She is a dancer, and she gets engaged by Deresco who doesn't know she is a secret agent for the Allies. Perhaps after she has wormed herself into Deresco's confidence she thinks we might not take her dancing on trust; wherefore she dances on two occasions at such length that—so it seemed to me—it took up a quarter of the film. I don't remember much about Vera Hruba Ralston who plays the part; one might say without offence that her maximum of dancing is counterbalanced by her minimum of acting. But as Stroheim acts every one else off the screen, it doesn't very much matter about the other dummies. With one notable

exception, that superb player Otto Kruger—the spy who is nearly thrown alive into the Tagus. Actually he is shot by Deresco in the latter's office, the size of Piccadilly Circus, and afterwards thrown dead into the Tagus what time the staff empty ashbins and ashtrays.

IF I were you, I should go. There wouldn't be a dull moment if somebody could only have persuaded Maritza to leave off dancing for a



TOUGH :

Erich Von Stroheim is the tough guy of the film, "Storm Over Lisbon." As the owner of a combined gambling den and night club, he attempts to control the destiny of all who pass through his hands. Unexpectedly, however, he meets his match when he meddles in the international affairs of a U.S. correspondent acting as a secret agent



TIMID :

Edward G. Robinson has an unusual role for him in "Arms and the Woman." As a timid little bank clerk he is bound by routine, nagged by his wife, despised by his employers. Opportunity comes when he is called up, and somewhere in the South Pacific comes face to face with the Japs. Need we say that the bank clerk emerges from the encounter gloriously?

bit. The thing goes with a colossal swing, there are heaps of murders, revolvers lie about like writing-pads, the noise is terrific, every one in the film is bursting with Reis (is it?), everybody is in full evening dress, and banknotes ooze from the visitors' shoes like snowflakes. In fact it isn't until you come out of the cinema that. . . .

*Arms and the Woman* (New Gallery) is a bad title. *Recruit's Progress*, or *America's Little Man*, or *Why America is Winning the War*—all these would give a better idea of what this picture is about. It is a little film—it only plays seventy-nine minutes—dealing with little people including Edward G. Robinson and a clever little boy (Ted Donaldson), in a little American town. Robinson is a bank-clerk of forty-four and hates the monotony of his job. So, against the wishes of his wife, he sets up what appears to be a tool-repairing shop at the back of his house. Then he is called up, begins as an inefficient soldier and ends as a hero, having, as far as I could gather through the din and confusion of the battle scenes, killed at least a regiment of Japanese single-handed. For which his home town gives him a fitting welcome and the Board of Directors of the bank where he formerly worked offers him the post of Vice-President which he refuses, wishing, with the concurrence of his wife, to spend the rest of his days in the repairing shop.

SIMPLE? Naïve? Unconvincing? Yes, I'm afraid so. The synopsis, with unconscious humour, declares that "the characters and incidents portrayed and the names used herein are fictitious." You're telling me! "Fictitious" is sheer understatement; there is hardly one person or incident in the film bearing the remotest resemblance to anything probable or even possible. If Robinson creates something in his part recognizable as a human being, a timid, inarticulate, nervous, modest, and rather lovable little man, this is entirely due to the fact that Robinson is a very gifted actor with a transcendent personality. Ted Donaldson, as I have said, a clever little boy and plays Robinson's devoted assistant in the repairing shop; but such angelic children are mostly to be found in the pages of the more sentimental novels. As for Robinson's wife (Ruth Warwick), she is either drawn all wrong or played all wrong, since she appears as a hard, unsympathetic and selfish creature to escape from whom any husband would fly to any war. *Autres pays, autres mœurs*; but I confess I am getting a little tired of these pampered, idle, domineering wives who let their husbands do all the work and earn all the money while they just enjoy themselves abroad and sit around grousing at home. I don't believe such women exist in real American life; their continual appearance in these domestic films is just one of Hollywood's irritating conventions.

I suppose this film was superintended by someone conversant with the rules of American army life, and that it is correct for privates to be-sir sergeants, to enter the orderly room with their caps under their arms and to salute bareheaded. Far be it from me to dogmatize on these technical points; like Rosa Dartle, I merely want to know. I would rather ask why Hollywood will go on giving us this pseudo-heroic nonsense which would not convince a six-year-old and put repeatedly sets of characters on the screen which are less life-like than the characters in old Surrey melodramas. Finally, why is Robinson called Winkle? There is only one Winkle for an English audience; and his adventures with guns may not be so valiant as Robinson's, but they are infinitely more amusing, or were, to my generation. The notion that young folk read Dickens is obviously senile decay on my part.

# Party Precedes Premiere

British Film Gets A Good Send-off



The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell drank a cocktail with Lady Ennisdale. In the background (right) is Miss Mae Murray with Mr. Michael Rennie



In the foyer of the theatre Major-General Sir Donald Banks and Lady Banks were greeted by Major M. Robson and Mr. Clive Brook. Sir Donald was Deputy Adjutant-General at G.H.Q. with the B.E.F. in 1940



Miss Harriet Cohen, whose solo pianoforte in the film is accompanied by The National Symphony Orchestra, was with Mr. Raymond Lovell



Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., joined the party at the Ritz for a short time and sat with Mr. Harold Huth, the producer of the film



The two stars, Margaret Lockwood and Stewart Granger, were at the party and later came on to the showing of the film



A cheery party included Mr. Duncan Campbell, Mrs. Arthur Snagge, Sir Joseph Addison, Miss Ann Palmer, Admiral Snagge and Lady McClean



Four who joined forces at the party were Mrs. Harold Huth, wife of the producer and formerly Lady Hindlip, Lady Lever, and Lord and Lady Northesk

# The Theatre

## "No Medals" (Vaudeville)

By Horace Horsnell

THE domestic arts can never have been more crafty than they are today, or practised by so many resentful amateurs. Pursuit of that elusive quarry, the balanced diet, may entail hopes and hazards compared with which the excitements of, say, gathering edelweiss, seem tame. It may be captured only by science or subtlety, more than a modicum of good luck, even a descent to ethically dubious devices.

In the good old days, when professionals ruled the roast, the kitchen was the cook's jealously guarded domain, and was entered by the mistress of the house only for formal purposes and during licensed hours. The war has changed all that. Now it is free to all comers, whether distaff members of the household, or those sterner adventurers whose great minds are reluctantly brought to bear on domestic problems beside which the intricacies of the stiffer crossword are mere A B C. Such are the demands of wartime on the versatility of civilians, whose heroic or resentful responses bring fresh grist to the enterprising dramatist's mill.

It takes all sorts of plays to make a theatre, and all kinds of playgoers to make an audience. If a visitor from Mars were to embark on a purposeful reconnaissance of the West End, he might well be surprised by the richness and variety of the current theatre bill of fare. It ranges from Shakespeare to Mrs. Esther McCracken, King Richard the Third to Mr. Tommy Trinder; and while Shakespeare may have written for all time, Mrs. McCracken is nothing if not triumphantly topical.

Though her scope is relatively modest, her method somewhat garrulous, and the daily round, the common task, may furnish all that her admirers need to ask, she is no mere picker-up of inconsiderable trifles. Her forte is the lacing and lightening of humdrum realism with shrewd fun. Her foible, as a dramatist, is an

urge to adorn nature with art that seems less persuasive. She collects her trifles with zest, and assembles and presents them with a confident smile. Her patter is cheerful, her good humour disarming. She is a highly successful purveyor of that tricky commodity, what the public wants.

WHERE one or two housewives are gathered together, such burning questions of the day as the rigours of queueing, the manners and customs of capricious laundries, the difficulties of balancing the ration book and making culinary ends meet, tend to cover the conversational gamut. These are universal experiences; and *No Medals* is, so to speak, a hair of the dog with a universal bite.

As a play it may be somewhat precariously constructed, and lean, like the Tower of Pisa, towards threatened collapse. But the threat is illusory, thanks largely to Miss Fay Compton, who is always at hand, ready, not only to shore it up, but to carry the weight when the foundations look like sinking.

As its indispensable heroine, Miss Compton does for the play what she does for the characters who constitute the wartime household she so heroically manages. In her protean role of mother and sister to some, mother-in-law to another, head cook and bottle-washer, and guide, philosopher and friend to all, she keeps the home fires burning and the pot boiling, all but single-handed. And how delightfully she does it! No playgoer who has had practical experience of the problems she tackles—and who, these days, is without such experience?—could fail to appreciate and enjoy the crisp, clever art with which Miss Compton solves them.

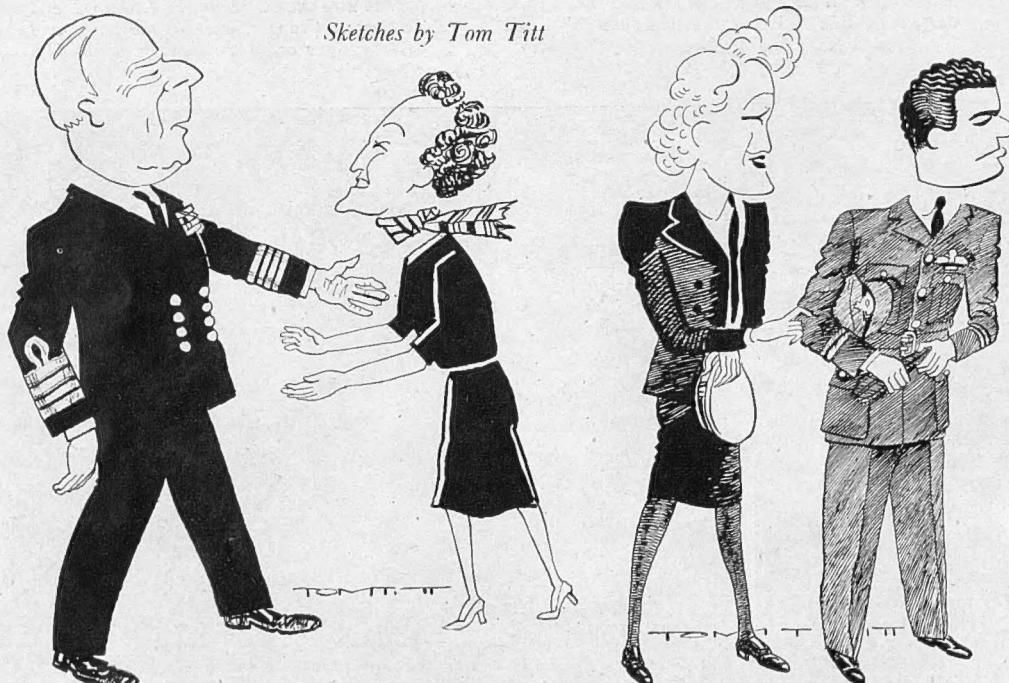
HER performance is the play's outstanding attraction. Its garnish of wartime romance lowers rather than intensifies the narrative



A.B. Paul Ffolliott borrows money from every member of the household. Even Mrs. Gaye, the daily help, is good for half a crown (Thora Hird and Michael McNeile)

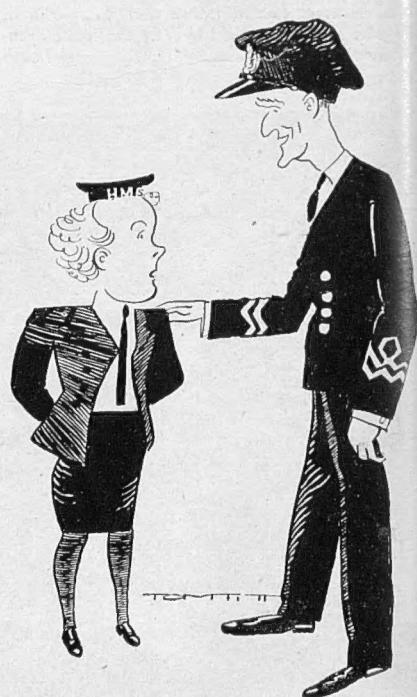
momentum. One of the more ambitious scenes—a dockside nocturne in which two young married people meet and part—seems to suffer from artistic and vocal aphasia, and fails, I think, to justify its share of the time, already too long, or the place, which brings the desperate lovers together, and is too murky.

There is a moving scene capitally played by Miss Valerie White and Mr. Ronald Fortt, which will bring a lump into many throats and happily disperse it. Mr. Frederick Leister agreeably vindicates the decency of an elderly, chivalrous Captain, R.N. who rounds off the play by being carried off his feet into the arms of its slyly self-sacrificing heroine, with whom Miss Dorothy Hamilton has some irresistibly unsisterly passages of arms. But it is Miss Compton's evening, her quick deft skill and subtly charged humour that triumph over what might otherwise have been overwhelming odds.



Captain Geoffrey Radcliffe has known Martha Dacre all her life, but it takes him a 'long time to discover he is in love (Frederick Leister and Fay Compton).

Wren Lolly Dacre quarrels with her airman lover, Flight Lieutenant Roddy Macintyre, but all is well before the last curtain falls (Pauline Tennant and John Witty)



Nigel Wyland and his wife, Helen, both choose the Senior Service for their contribution to winning the war (Ronald Fortt and Valerie White)



## Greta Gynt

Norwegian Dancer and Actress

Eight years ago Greta Gynt made her first appearance in London as principal dancer in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Since then she has travelled far, and now ranks in the forefront of young actresses rapidly making a name for themselves in British films. In her most recent film, *Mr. Emmanuel*, made by Two Cities under the direction of Harold French, Greta appears as the lovely Elsie Silver, the Berlin cabaret favourite who befriends Mr. Emmanuel, saves him from imprisonment, and helps him in his search. At the moment she is touring the principal provincial cities in this country making personal appearances wherever the film is shown



Some of the Distinguished Guests at the Monthly Reception of the Allies Welcome Committee

Here is Major-General H. K. Kippenberger, who was severely wounded at Cassino, with Lady James. She received the guests with Sir Jocelyn Lucas



Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, Pathfinder Chief, came to the reception with his wife. An Australian, he is the youngest man of his rank in the R.A.F.

## On and Off Duty

### A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

#### Urquhart of Arnhem

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART, the very gallant commander of the British First Airborne Division at Arnhem, who had the exceptional honour of receiving the C.B. (Military Division) from His Majesty in private audience within a very short time of his return to this country, had a long and dramatic story to tell the King about the grim days while he and his men were holding out against what they all knew were hopeless odds. He stayed at Buckingham Palace for a considerable time in conversation with His Majesty, who first made the acquaintance of the First Airborne Division last spring, in those busy days when he was inspecting units and formations of the British Armies of Liberation before "D" Day.

It was General Urquhart who met the King on that cold March morning when he arrived at a station "somewhere in the Shires" with General "Boy" Browning, then Commander of our Airborne Forces, now Deputy C-in-C. of the Allied Airborne Army. The King spent 7½ hours with the First Airborne Division, and saw the "Red Devils" doing parachute exercises, training to drop supplies and ammunition, and carrying out, in the familiar landscape of an English hunting county, a mock battle that was very much on the lines of the subsequent reality at Arnhem. One of the officers who met His Majesty that day was Sir W. R. Des Voeux, whose family motto, "Altiora in Votis," which, translated, means "Higher Things are Among Our Wishes," is strangely appropriate for an airborne warrior.

#### At the Palace

THERE was special interest in another of the King's recent visitors, M. Massigli, the official representative in London of the Provisional Government of France, who was making his first call at Buckingham Palace in that capacity. Since the Government of General de Gaulle has yet to be formally recognised by the British Government, M. Massigli does not rank as an Ambassador or Minister, neither is he accredited to the Court of St. James's, so that with him to the Palace he took no official Letters of Credence. Yet the occasion was one of some historic significance, and a happy augury for all Frenchmen, for no representative of a Government of France has been received by the King of England since the final visit of M. Corbin, last Ambassador of the Third Republic, back in 1940.

Both the King and Queen, as private individuals, are to be numbered among the lovers of France, and the Queen, herself fluent in French and well-read in the literature of France, has seen that both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have been brought up to know and love the language of Molière. Both the Princesses, I am told, are hoping very much to be able to go to Paris after the war.



A Threesome and a Foursome for Dinner in London

At the Bagatelle Capt. Sir Rupert Clarke, Irish Guards, sat between Miss R. Smyth-Osbourne and his sister, Elizabeth. The Clarakes are the son and daughter of Lady Headfort



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. de Lisle, Lady Cullen of Ashbourne and Capt. R. D. McKeel were at another table. Lady Cullen was Miss Valerie Collbran before her marriage in 1942



### in London

Lady Forres, a member of the Welcome Committee, entertained Capt. M. Turek, of the Czechoslovak Army. Lady Forres has lent her London house to the Y.M.C.A.

### Autumn Double

A SCOT drew a bigger crowd than ever to watch the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch (Southern section), which were both decided on the same afternoon, in addition to seven other races. The Cambridgeshire was a thrilling finish, only a head and a neck dividing the first three horses. It was won by the champion jockey Gordon Richards on Major W. H. Mackenzie's Fun Fair. This horse won the same race last year, only with a different jockey. The Cesarewitch was not such a close finish, Mr. J. S. Barrington's Cadet winning quite easily by two lengths from his nearest rival.

Rain kept off, but it was a very cold autumn day, and there were plenty of fur coats to be seen. Lady Bridget Clark, who was accompanied by her husband, was well wrapped up in a skunk coat and wearing an attractive brown poke-bonnet; Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles was in mink, and looking at the horses in the paddock with her cousin, Lord Stanley; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn chose opossum; she was with her husband, who has been inundated with inquiries about taking "jumpers," should steeplechasing start in the New Year. At the moment, nothing has been decided by the authorities.

(Continued on page 74)

### —“Or Kiss the Place to Make it Well?”

Colonel Humphrey Butler paid homage to Miss Gertrude Lawrence at Ciro's reopening night, under the watchful eyes of Col. Scott and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto-Douglas



### At Ciro's Reopening Night for Charity

Swaebe

F/Lt. the Hon. John Mansfield, Mrs. Dochie McGregor, F/O. P. A. Stuart, the Hon. Mrs. Mansfield and F/O. B. A. Connor were at Ciro's on the opening night. F/Lt. Mansfield is Lord Sandhurst's only son



### Dining in Aid of the Red Cross and St. John

Lady Bedingfeld and G/Capt. Nelson, D.F.C., were looking cheerful at the reopening of Ciro's. She was Miss Lynette Rees, and married Sir Edmund Bedingfeld in 1942



A pair of sisters, Lady Bridget Clark and Lady Willa Elliot (Lord Minto's two daughters), were dining at Ciro's with a couple of brothers, Mr. Frank and Major R. O'Ferrall

# On and Off Duty

(Continued)

## Racegoers

THE Royal Box was occupied during the afternoon by Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills. Major Wills, who is in the Life Guards, has only just returned home from the Middle East, where he has been for over three years. His wife is Lord Elphinstone's second daughter, and a niece of H.M. the Queen. They had brought the Hon. Mrs. Hardy, Lord Hindlip's elder sister, and Mrs. Lowther, who were both staying with them. Lord Lovat, now convalescent from his wounds, was strolling round in mufti, with a salmon-fly decorating his cap; Lady Irwin was there, the Duchess of Norfolk with her; Lady Stanley watched the racing from the stands; and Major Teddy Underdown, just back from America, greeted friends all around. Before the war Major Underdown was one of our keenest amateur riders, and while in America at a U.S. Service School, managed to ride a winner on an American race course. Two "regulars" who do a lot to help racing were the Earl of Fitzwilliam and Lord Willoughby de Broke, a Steward of the Jockey Club. Others I saw in this vast crowd were Lady Jean Christie, Lord Nunburnholme, Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Brigadier Tom Draffen, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Carlyle, Mrs. Diana Smyly and Captain Jack Dennis.

## Ciro's Reopens

CIRO'S Club reopened after its summer closing with a "big" night, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. The room was packed with members and their guests, who were all delighted to be back at this favourite and famous club. There was an excellent cabaret, the star being the fascinating Inga Anderson, singing some of her amusing and very "racy" songs. Her white dinner-dress was the envy of many women present, with its full skirt and scarlet trimmings. Lady Louis Mountbatten, the head of the Red Cross and St. John in Great Britain, was still in her uniform after a long day's work; she has recently made a tour of Red Cross units working behind the battle-fronts in N.W. Europe. Lady Louis had the Hon. Kay Norton, Lord Grantley's sister, and Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist in her party. Commander Buist was for a long time Equerry to H.M. the King when he was Duke of York, and is now an Extra Equerry to His Majesty. Another former Royal Equerry there that night was Colonel Humphrey Butler, who was equerry

to the late Duke of Kent, and is now liaison officer to the King of Greece; he was in Colonel Scott's party, which included Air Chief-Marshal Sir William and Lady Sholto-Douglas, the latter wearing a lovely silver-fox cape; Miss Elizabeth Allan, the clever young actress, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who had come on from the first night of *No Medals* at the Vaudeville Theatre. Miss Lawrence is shortly returning to the United States after spending five months this side of the Atlantic giving shows to the troops.



A London Wedding

Lt. P. J. Morgan, D.S.C., R.N., son of Rear-Admiral Morgan, D.S.O., married Miss Mary Fraser-Tytler, daughter of Senior Controller C. H. Fraser-Tytler and the late Col. Neil Fraser-Tytler, D.S.O., of Aldourie Castle, Inverness, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who looked lovely in a midnight-blue dinner-dress, was dining à deux with an American officer. At the next table Wing-Commander Nelson had Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, wife of Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, who is in the Welsh Guards, dining with him; Lady Bridget Clark was wearing a long black dinner-dress boldly patterned with



House of Commons Christening

Hazel Elizabeth Margaret, third daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., and Lady Cook, was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons by Canon Alan Don, Chaplain to the Speaker. She had six godparents

a large flower; she was in a party of four, which included her younger sister, Lady Willa Elliot, in a short black frock, and the two O'Ferrall brothers, Frankie and Rory. Others there included the Hon. John Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst's son and heir, who was with his wife and a party of friends, and Vicomtesse D'Orthez, very slim in a blue velvet dress, who danced frequently.

## Anniversary

ANOTHER big night in wartime London was the sixteenth birthday anniversary party which Joseph Vecchi, one of our best-known and most popular restaurateurs, gave at the Hungaria for his many friends and patrons.

Colonel Sir John Turner, of the Air Ministry, brought a stag party of Air Force officers. Just behind him was Brig.-General Hugh Rowan, Chief of American Chemical Warfare in the E.T.O. Although his H.Q. is now Paris, he is over here frequently for inspection visits this side of the Channel. Among the many Service uniforms I noticed Colonel E. T. Pointin, of the Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps. On his shoulder he wore the new Military H.Q. maple-leaf flash. Other old friends of Vecchi's who brought parties were Sir William Goode,

(Concluded on page 88)



Lady Dudley's Red Cross Fete Raises £40,000

This photograph was taken at a dinner given by the Countess of Dudley to her committee, who were responsible for the very successful Red Cross Fete. With her is the chairman, Councillor A. L. Hillman



Stroud's M.P. Marries Lady Norman

Mr. Robert Dempster Perkins, M.P., and Lady Norman, widow of Air Cdre. Sir Nigel Norman, Bt., were married at Westminster Cathedral. Lady Norman, who flew her own aeroplane before the war, now works for the Airborne Division Security Fund



*Robin and Rowena Combe with Their Mother*

## Family Party in Norfolk

Lady Sylvia Combe and Her Children



*Going for a Ride*

• Lady Sylvia Combe was photographed with her son and daughter at their home near King's Lynn. She is the elder of the Earl and Countess of Leicester's two daughters, and was married in 1932. Her husband, Capt. Simon Harvey Combe, is in the Irish Guards, and was awarded the M.C. for gallantry at Anzio Beachhead. Their son, Robin, is ten, and their daughter, Rowena, is a year younger



*Lady Sylvia Combe and Her Family in the Garden*

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Two admirable specimens of the Typical Nordic Joke, which rich women keep pestering us to demonstrate to them, have recently appeared in print, as follows:

1. In March 1942 the Admiralty allowed the town council of Royton (Lancs.) to "adopt" a ship named H.M.S. Sparrow and to exchange coats-of-arms with her. In July 1944 the council suddenly discovered H.M.S. Sparrow does not exist.
2. Over the Foreign Office at Stockholm the other day appeared a pirate flag, with the skull comically smoking a pipe. Perpetrator unknown.

Clean, fearless, healthy, blue-eyed, and above all *laughable* fun, you will agree; the type of joke, free from any Latin or Celtic devilries, only a Nordic could devise. It wouldn't take the average Swede many months to see and enjoy the Admiralty jape, and we know at least one Rear-Admiral (ret.) who would throw back his head over the Swedish one almost instantly. Many first-class cricketers and *Times* readers would undoubtedly relish both, if fully expounded in a third leader. Many members of the House of Lords—judging by that exquisite Beerbohm cartoon showing Lords Londonderry and Curzon explaining a joke by Edmund Gosse to the Duke of Devonshire—would relax their gravity willy-nilly after giving these two japes prolonged and serious attention.

#### Footnote

A CONNOISSEUR of the Nordic Joke we consulted thought the effect might have been heightened (a) if the Admiralty had stolen up on tiptoe and squirted water down the town council's neck, crying "Yah! Sucks-boo!", and (b) if the Stockholm skull had been further decorated with a twirly moustache, spectacles, and a comic hat. We don't know. It seems to us they're witty enough as they stand. And the Royton boys are actually demanding an apology, the big sissies! If we were the Admiralty we wouldn't bally well show them our silkworms, after that.

#### Visitor

THAT 20-ft. fury sea-monster with enormous eyes and big feet washed ashore recently on the Argyllshire coast should send his (her) buddy the sea-serpent's stock up even with morons who deny his existence on principle but are secretly afraid. There

is plenty of sober eyewitness evidence for the sea-serpent, who is actually far less sinister than some of the things which come up from the dark depths of Ocean after an undersea 'quake, as sailors know; strange blind obscene shapeless terrifying things, like a Bloomsbury cocktail-party. The Loch Ness monster, who has made the Fleet Street boys giggle so, is a goldfish in comparison. Even bigger nightmares may lurk in the Sundam Trench of the Pacific, the sea's deepest hole; things like the great sleeping whale Jasconius, on whom St. Brendan and his companions landed to eat and to celebrate Easter, thinking him to be an island. Whoever wrote that lovely Irish epic of the Happy Isles some 700 years ago may have seen just such an enormous fish basking in the sun, or tearing through the waves as he did after the monks had clambered back into their ship, bearing their wood-fire on his back for more than two leagues, then plunging



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

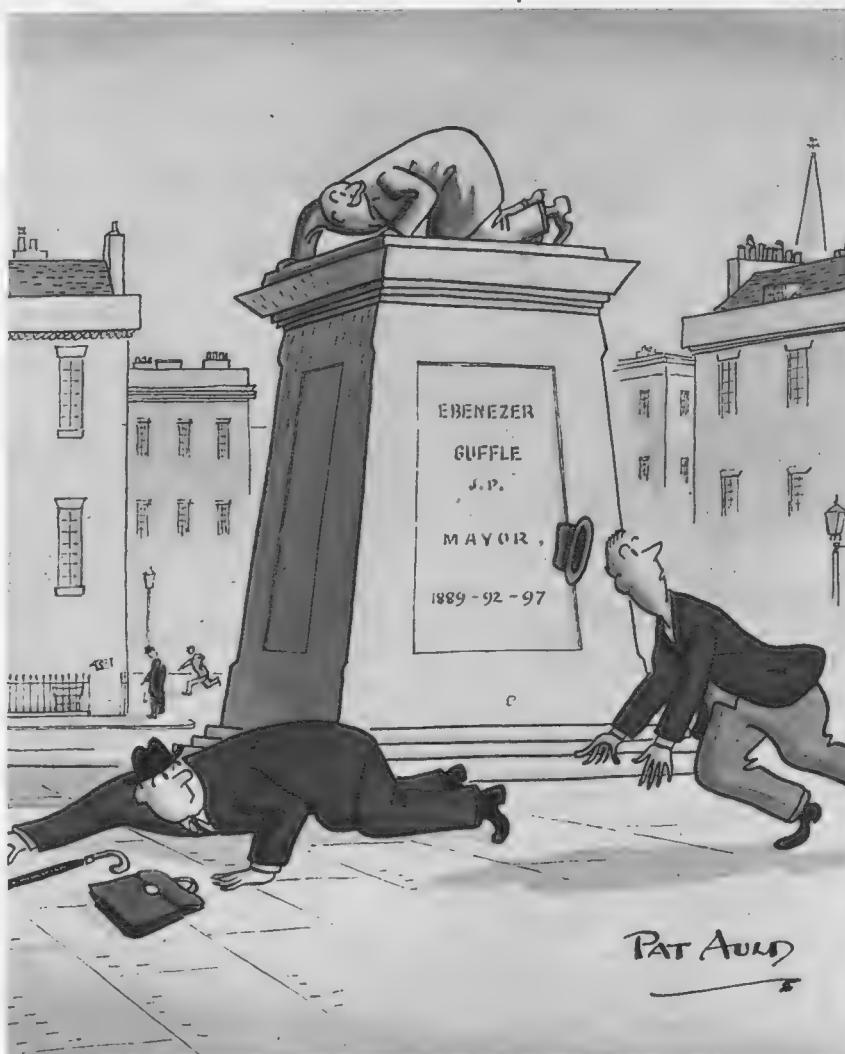
"Our forces are now firmly established in Amiens—I remember when I was billeted just outside in the last war . . ."

like a rocket into the deep. The Argyllshire monster may of course, judging by description, be a retired Drury Lane principal boy. If the fur is mink or sables, this is obvious. They often sit on rocks and lure mariners, but not very much.

#### Violin

FAT Henri Béraud, 16-stone Anglophobe editor of *Gringoire*, is in the violin, we observe without undue surprise. That boy was a sitter.

We've gone into the case of M. Béraud before, demonstrating from it the truth that fat men, despite their mask of rosy geniality, are capable of vitriolic hates and active mischief; not that any racial dislike is in itself the unforgivable crime-of-crimes, but it drove Fat Béraud to co-operate with the Boche, and therefore justly earns him big trouble, unless we err. What interests us more at the moment is the reason the French call the clink (quod, jug, cooler, sneezer, hoosegow, calaboose) the *violon*. An authority on Parisian slang tells us it's pure proletarian whimsy, derived from the resemblance of the bars of a police-cell to the strings of a fiddle, and also, perhaps, to the loud music made by the citizens concerned. Few British editors have enjoyed this fascinating experience. The only three we can think of offhand are Leigh Hunt, who got a couple of years and a £500 fine for describing the Prince Regent accurately in *The Examiner* as a corpulent and disgraceful libertine, the



PAT AULD

(Concluded on page 78)



*Lt.-Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, U.S. Army, was appointed in January to be Chief of Staff of the European Theatre of Operations, in addition to his duties as Chief of Staff of Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force*



*Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham became Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Tactical Air Force of the R.A.F. nine months ago. He is a New Zealander, and was previously in command of No. 1 Tactical Air Force in the Mediterranean Air Command*

## Allied Commanders : By Cathleen Mann

Exhibited in London Before Despatch to America



*Lt.-Gen. Christopher Miles Dempsey took command of the British Second Army on its formation. A Lieutenant-Colonel at the outbreak of war, he had fought in France, Africa, Sicily and Italy before taking up his present command last January*



*Major-General Robert Edward Laycock, Chief of Combined Operations, was another sitter to Cathleen Mann in France. He was appointed to his present job a year ago, and the success of the invasion shock troops was very largely due to his planning and preparation*

• The American magazines *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* recently commissioned Cathleen Mann to paint a series of portraits of the Allied Commanders. For this purpose the artist went to France some time ago, and there she has covered many miles, chasing her sitters from place to place, painting them wherever they might be found. Her pictures, including portraits of Field-Marshal Montgomery, General Patton and General Quesada were on view last week at the Lefevre Galleries

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

great Cobbett, who got the same and a £1000 fine for roaring in the *Weekly Register* against the flogging of some British soldiers by the Crown's punishment-squad of German mercenaries, and the Tribune Bottomley, who so richly fooled the Island Race for so long.

## Footnote

If nothing worse than a long stretch in the violin happens to Béraud, it will benefit his figure. No editor should be globular and weigh 16 stone. Contributors take a very fat editor for easy old Father Christmas, and are utterly shattered when the little eyes suddenly flash cruel green devilish sparks and the genial piping voice whistles for the bouncers. Below, there! Ay, ay, sir.

## Quest

A ROMANTIC chap giving tongue on the way foreigners are going to rush to these islands before long to see all the historic sights reminded us of a recent quest in the town of Dumfries, where we wanted to view the spot where the great Bruce liquidated the Red Comyn, one of the more famous bloodlettings in Scots history.

The doublecrosser Comyn, as you probably know, was stabbed by Bruce, whom he was betraying to the English, before the high altar of the Franciscan Church, Dumfries, and finished off in the sacristy by Bruce's cousin, douce Jamie Lindsay. We asked for the Franciscan Church and they said ou, ay, it had vanished long ago. We asked what else of sanguinary interest they had in the town and they said (a) Burns's hoose, or house; (b) Dumfries Academy, where Barrie was a schoolboy; and (c) an hotel with a Moorish Bar and a Viennese Lounge. Each was interesting, after that big disappointment, in a small way, like a tiny prima donna (say Lily Pons) with hiccups; barring the hotel, which was closed. Hardly a programme to lure the pleasure loving foreigner in his thousands, we thought: whereas if the aborigines of Dumfries had had the sense to protect their historic church from Knox's wreckers they'd be making a packet to-day by showing the original Comyn bloodstain on the chancel floor at sixpence a go, as the Edinburgh aborigines do with Rizzio's blood at Holyrood.

Moral: Destruction is fun, but only at the time.

## Racket

CONTEMPLATING the modest fortunes left by two eminent orchestra conductors, Sir Henry Wood and Sir Henry Coward, we thought how absurd those stories in the music underworld are about conducting as a big-time racket.

Breaking the spirit of a lot of wild oboes and defiant strings and percussion boys is no money-making occupation. Anxious mothers of attractive girl harpists may occasionally offer conductors small sums to protect their daughters during a concert against the embarrassing attentions of the woodwind, but any conductor of eminence and personality—Basil Cameron or Toscanini, for instance—can easily deal with oboes and clarinets by the power of the Human Eye alone, and only a spineless conductor makes a trifle "on the side" in this way. Even then a tough oboe can make him look silly.

"Er—h'm. Er—her mother says that during the entire allegro sostenuto she was sitting on your knee."

"That's right."

"Well—er. H'm. Do you—er—think this is conducive to the wellbeing and—er—reputation of the orchestra?"

"I think it's conducive to the wellbeing of that harpist baby. She had nothing to do, so she sat on my knee. What d'you expect me to do—chuck her into the first fiddles?"

"Er—h'm. Her mother says you kissed her."

"Just an old woodwind custom."

"It seems—er—a little drastic?"

"Drastic my foot. If the bass violins got hold of that baby they'd tear her in pieces."

This is not quite true. Bass violins' embraces may be clumsy and their eyes red, but in their crude way they honour British girlhood; at least (as Keith said to Prowse) during an actual performance.



"Wot's the idea, not showing any light?"

## Flop

WHEN the Curator of the Bibliothèque Nationale told one of the special correspondent boys about his troop of Boche

Staff visitors in 1940, we knew instinctively what was coming before the story was half over.

The Boche's immediate object in visiting the Rue de Richelieu was to study the best topographical data available for the forthcoming invasion of England; in which decent quest the Boche was skilfully hampered by the Library staff (and if that hostile blonde we used to know and fear was still functioning at the Information desk, we bet he was hampered, and how). But each Boche's main object, as you've already guessed, was to get at that celebrated department of the Bibliothèque known as *l'Enfer*, which contains, jealously locked and guarded, the world's rarest and most luxurious collection of the ultra-obscene literature of the ages, the Renaissance especially. To get access to this collection normally you have to get a very special and practically unobtainable permit from the Minister (which was jam in the Third Republic for that week's Minister's relations, buddies, creditors and blackmailers). The Boche failed. Thirsting to study, among other things millionaires' booksellers list as "curious," the famous illustrations to Aretino's poems for which Raimondi got a few years in the cooler from Clement VII, the Boche discovered that the entire collection had vanished, and departed in a rage.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What do you mean, Mr. Henderson?—'Will I be your first mate?'—  
I thought you were already married"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D.

Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson is President of the Royal College of Surgeons and Surgeon to Her Majesty Queen Mary. He served in the last war as consulting surgeon to the B.E.F. in France, and was awarded the C.B.E. and D.S.O., and three times mentioned in despatches. Sir Alfred is Hon. Colonel of the Army Medical Service, Vice-President of the Marie Curie Hospital, President of the Anglo-Soviet Medical Council, Hon. Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and the Australasian College of Surgeons, and has the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Nile.



"I am determined to prove a villain"  
Richard, Duke of Gloster (Laurence Olivier), in his opening soliloquy, outlines the villainy of his intentions. All who stand between himself and his ambition—the throne of England—must be got rid of "by drunken prophecies, libels and dreams," by plots and inductions dangerous, by deadly hate and murder



"I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger." The little Duke of York (*Maurice Nicholas*) asks his uncle of *Gloster* for his dagger. Nearby his brother, the Prince of Wales (*Bay White*), taunts him, "A beggar, brother?" The two children are sent to the Tower by *Richard*, there ostensibly to await the coming of their mother, Queen *Elizabeth*, but, in reality, to meet their death at the hands of assassins hired by *Richard*.



"Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes"  
Lady Anne, daughter-in-law of Henry VI., ~~was~~  
(Joyce Redman), laments the death of Henry, ~~who~~  
slaughtered Edward, his son. She is overheard in  
proceeds to woo her. "What, though I kill her,  
readiest way to make the wench amends, is to h

## Olivier Plays "Richard III."

## A Fine Production by the Old Company at the New Theatre



"I am not in the giving vein to-day"  
Richard refuses Buckingham (*Nicholas Hannon*) the honours which he promised. "And is it thus?" says Buckingham, "repays he my deep service with such contempt? Made I him King for this?"



wards the wife of Richard III.  
abbed by the selfsame hand that  
Richard, who, assuming penitence,  
her husband and her father? The  
me her husband and her father?"



"My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs"  
Queen Elizabeth, wife of King Edward IV. (Margaret Leighton),  
fears Richard and his villainy. She threatens to tell the King of  
his taunts. On the right is Queen Margaret (Sybil Thorndike)



"Come, Hastings, help me to my closet"  
King Edward IV. (Harcourt Williams) is dying. His  
end is hastened by the shock of hearing of the death of his  
brother, Clarence, in the Tower. On the left is Hastings  
(Michael Warre), on the right Elizabeth (Margaret Leighton)

• *Richard the Third*, by William Shakespeare, is the third play chosen by the Old Vic Theatre Company for their present repertory season at the New Theatre. It has been brilliantly produced by John Burrell, who, with Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, is a director of the Company. As Richard, Laurence Olivier gives one of the greatest performances of his career. The villainy of the Richard he portrays, both as Duke of Gloster and later as King of England, is never for one moment in doubt; yet, with consummate artistry, Olivier succeeds in endowing the character with magnetic fascination to such an extent that the pitiful surrender of Anne to the murderer of her husband and her father-in-law calls forth sympathy, not condemnation.

Photographs by John Vickers



Plain near Tamworth. The Earl of Richmond (Ralph Richardson) is in England, determined to free the throne from the monster who sits there. Richmond meets Richard at Bosworth Field. The two men fight to the death—Richard's death. "Peace lives again; that she may long live here, God say—Amen!"



"I wish the bastards dead:  
And I would have it suddenly performed"  
Richard, the King upon his throne, plans the destruction of the two Princes in the Tower. Even Buckingham, his most stalwart supporter, quails before this new, most murderous treachery. "Give me some breath," he says, "some little pause, dear Lord"

## Family Groups



*The Hon. Mrs. John Harvey and Her Children*

Major John Leslie Harvey's wife and sons are seen at their home at Ringstead Bury, Norfolk. He is in the Scots Guards, and married the Hon. Anne Wigram, Lord Wigram's only daughter, in 1939. Their sons are Jonathon and Peter

Photographs by  
Compton Collier  
and Pye, Clitheroe

Right : Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P. for Rushcliffe and Financial Secretary to the Treasury, lives at Red Syke, Clitheroe, where he was photographed with his wife and three children. He married the Hon. Sylvia Hotham, daughter of the sixth Baron Hotham



*Mrs. Henry Collis and Her Son, Robin*

The wife of Major Henry Collis is a daughter of the late Major I. F. Wynne Willson, and a niece of Bishop St. J. B. Wynne Willson, of Bath. Her husband, now working at the War Office, was on the staff of Clifton College before the war



*Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Assheton and Their Family*

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Obacht!

RIOTS have been reported in various parts of Germany as a result of quite unfounded rumours that the Allies intend to make a gas attack as a reprisal for the use of flying bombs by the Germans. So let us refresh our memories and read this, in view of the threat in the German Press to launch a gas attack upon this country:

The Cabinet (1915) decided on retaliation. . . . These operations harassed the Germans day after day, month after month, year after year . . . of the demoralisation they set up among the enemy soldiers there was ample evidence in masses of documents captured. Whether the leaders cursed the day that they had permitted the introduction of this double-edged weapon is not known, but there is no doubt that their miserable troops on all parts of the front did.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY THUILLIER, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., in *Gas in the Next War*.

A successful exploitation of a gas attack depends upon certain quite definite factors, which can be roughly stated to be (a) command of the air; (b) command of a sufficiently secure area of the terrain to permit the use of gas shell or gas projectors. The possibility of (b) may be eliminated by (a). Sporadic attack by gas bombs from the air can never achieve any decisive result: concentrated gas attack by an overwhelmingly superior air force is upon quite a different footing.

It is obvious that Germany is fully aware of these facts—not very comfortable ones for her in the present circumstances.

## Hippodromania

IT being physically impossible for anything except a high-speed daily paper to keep up sides with the events of the fleeting hour, and an illustrated weekly, hamstrung by its pictures, can never hope to do much more than chew the cud of reflection, which is not always, let us hope, bitter, however hard the news-hound

instinct may bite into its vitals, there is, therefore, it is submitted, no necessity for a plea in extenuation! And so! The mathematical odds against any jockey—even one with the roaring luck of Gordon Richards—collecting the Autumn Double on one and the same day were incalculable. He got the first leg in on Fun Fair, who had been the popular favourite all through the piece, but he only won by a head and a neck from the two outsiders, Giraud and Shennington: but Milling, his ride in the Ascot Cesarewitch, ran only a moderate third to Cadet, about whom some lucky ones had taken 10 to 1, and Misty Morning, a 33 to 1 outsider. I should think that the Books must have got a bit more than "over-round" on this race, for Filator absorbed most of the money and started at 5 to 2, a quite justifiable price, in spite of the recent and very decisive defeat at this same course over the same distance (2 miles) in the Spencer's Wood Stakes on September 23rd. If there were any jumping, I should think that this six-year-old gelding was just the right type, commencing his adventures over hurdles, and, as he is a nicely-balanced steed, there seems no reason why he should not learn how to get over the bigger obstacles. He will be about just the right age when the National of 1946 comes round, as I suppose it will, for by then we might have some jumpers up from grass and some of the lads released from battledress to ride them. The Jockey Club Cup and the Dewhurst elude me. I have not had any ideas where the latter is concerned, because none of the leading characters were on offer, but whatever has won it will be entitled to the respect due to a victor over 7 furlongs, which is only one furlong short of the longest contest offered to two-year-olds. Fair Glint won over a mile at Newmarket last season. I do not favour long distances for the young, and a mile is one too many for the immature; and I also am dead agin the big weights. Both must have a deleterious effect, not only upon them, but upon their future progeny. Nervous energy is such a very valuable thing.



Home Guard Personalities

At the 10th Bn. Daventry Home Guard Athletic Meeting in Northamptonshire were Capt. P. H. Wykeham, Major P. L. Ransom (second in command of the Battalion) and Col. G. W. M. Lees (O.C. the Battalion)

## Jumping

SOME commendable optimists say that some meetings may be authorised in the New Year, and I sincerely hope that they are right, for it is a long gap in outdoor entertainment between the tail-end of our curtailed season on the flat and the spring meetings which herald its reopening. Some other people say that if the Stewards of the N.H.C. had pressed hard enough for it, we could have got something almost normal in the way of a jumping season. I happen to know that this is not so, and that the Stewards are in no way to blame. Like the Stewards of the Jockey Club, they are in a cleft stick so long as a thing called war is in progress. The Powers As Be, like all other sensible people, know that, although we have got the other chap on the ropes and that he is not as fresh as his industrious publicity agents would like the world to believe, we have yet to catch him with that right to the point which

(Concluded on page 84)



Winners of the Ascot Cambridgeshire and the Ascot Cesarewitch

Major W. H. Mackenzie's four-year-old Fun Fair, Gordon Richards up, won the Ascot Cambridgeshire for the second year in succession. Second and third were Mr. R. C. Dawson's Giraud and Mr. P. Rose's Shennington



Cadet, Mr. J. S. Barrington's three-year-old colt, ridden by T. Bartram, had an easy win in the Ascot Cesarewitch. Cadet has run consistently well throughout the season

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

will put him down for the count. Even a blind man can see it coming, but it has not come yet, and it would be a wise thing if the flag-waggers moderated their transports, for it may save them from that depressing thing, disappointment. We jumped one very formidable brook and landed with all four feet on the farther bank; but there is another one just ahead, and we have got to jump that at high speed before we can say that we can go alongside the thing we are chasing and cart him along until all the sting is taken out of him. The second "brook" is nothing like as wide, deep and formidable as the first one, but it is no baby place and a lot bigger than a furrow full of water. The banks are not too good in some places, but, of course, it will not stop the high-class field that is going down to it. It has, however, still got to be jumped, and you know how tricky things are sometimes in a steeplechase. All this quite apart, how are the horses, the pilots, etc., to be collected at short notice? It is not as if there were any hunting worth talking about by which it would be possible to ginger some of them up; and anyway, hunting, good as it sometimes is to make them handy, cannot possibly provide the main necessity, really fast work over steeplechase fences

plus practice in public, which is the best schooling of all. There is also another little matter to be considered, jumping muscles, and I do not mean only equine ones, for the human ones are just as important. That troublesome thing the riding muscle—how painful when you tear it!—is not the only one. My personal experience is that, unless you are fit enough to take a punch on the solar plexus without crumpling up, and those two big ones down your back are as strong and as supple as two pythons, you may find that even after two miles you are just a bit of useless ballast. This, of course, will mean that you at once give your horse at least another two stone to cart along, and that will stop him, no matter how fit and fresh he may be. It is also desirable, at least so I have found, to have your wind so right that you can whistle a tune *after* you have pulled up. However, here's hoping! But don't slang the Stewards.

### "Rugger—the Man's Game"

THIS is the title of the latest book by our prolific friend E. H. D. Sewell, actually his fifth war-baby, even though one of them is not yet quite weaned. This is *Overthrows*, which, nevertheless, is in Messrs. Stanley Paul's autumn list. This Rugger book, I am sure, will appeal to all devotees past and present because, other things apart, the author's fine knowledge chiefest amongst them, there is much wise talk by other pundits. For instance, there is a chapter on forward play by John Daniell, who,



Harold Wheatley

The English International Rugger forward is captaining Coventry this season. Coventry have not been defeated since 1941, and up to date have sixty-one victories to their credit

### NEWMARKET—"THE RAINS CAME!"



Autumn Meeting on the Heath: by "The Tout"

Dudley Williams trains the very useful and good-looking Advocate for Mr. M. Ostrer at Letcombe Regis, near Wantage. Before the war he mostly trained jumpers and made his name in Turf history by steering Kellsboro' Jack to victory in the Grand National for Mrs. Ambrose Clark in 1933. Mr. H. H. Leven won the Cheveley Park Stakes last month with his nailing good filly, Sweet Cygnet, who just got up on the post to beat Neola and Sun Stream in a terrific finish of heads. Sweet Cygnet was bred by the late Lord Portman. She is by Hyperion out of Sweet Swan. Mr. Leven is mine host of that tip-top hotel at Lincoln, the White Hart. Incidentally, he is the chairman of the Lincoln Race Committee, and has plans for great improvements on the Carholme after the war. Major Burns Hartopp, a familiar figure—at most Newmarket meetings, is the famous ex-Master of the Quorn



D. I. Lockington

The young Irishman who captains Leicester's Rugger side this season, plays centre-three-quarter. Leicester have dropped their nickname of "The Tigers" for the war, and are now known as the Leicestershire Harlequins

naturally, was always called "The Prophet"! He was probably one of the world's greatest forwards, and amongst the three best home-bred ones England ever had. In Chapter VI, there is much sound sense by J. M. Paterson, who is a working man, and who, I much regret to learn, has lost both his sons killed in action in this war. Though some may not agree with everything J. M. Paterson writes, he seems to me to have made out a very good case that players, officials and referees should realise that there is a danger of the game getting into a rut from which it must be dug out, and the sooner the better. In another part of the book, that great authority C. B. Fry is very emphatic upon a much-debated point, the make-up of a wing. He agrees with a view many times stressed by the author of *Rugger—the Man's Game*, that it is 400 yards, and not 100 yards, pace that is best. The book also contains the only Rugger Roll of Honour of this war so far published, a melancholy but glorious record of those who have played the Greatest Game of all.



Mr. J. V. Rank, with Mrs. Hubert Hartigan (wife of the trainer), watched his much-fancied Prince Regent beaten at the post in the Templeogue Plate



Lord and Lady Fingall came together. Before rejoining his old regiment at the outbreak of war, Lord Fingall was Joint-Master of the Ward Union Staghounds



Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, D.S.O., escorted Lady Lambart (sister of Lord Brabazon). Her son, Sir Oliver Lambart, won the Templeogue Plate with Highland Reel

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

## Irish Racing: At Phoenix Park, Dublin



Capt. Geoffrey Knight, R.M., was with his wife. She is a granddaughter of the late Mr. Joseph Widger, who won the Grand National on his brother's horse, *The Wild Man of Borneo*



Mr. David Gray, U.S. Minister to Eire, was with Sir Percy Loraine, who had two winners during the day. Sir Percy headed the list of winning owners in Ireland in 1938



Mrs. Fred Hill and her sister, Miss Kathleen Grace, were with Mrs. Bill Bracken (centre, wife of the famous British international skier, now in the Army)

• The meeting at Phoenix Park drew the usual crowd of racing enthusiasts. Sir Percy Loraine had two winners, Admirable in the Trim Nursery Plate, and Hyrcania in the Maher T.Y.O. Plate. Both were trained by Mr. R. More O'Ferrall, as was Mr. G. Annesley's New Pyjamas, winner of the Terenure Plate

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Those were the Days

"DALY'S," by D. Forbes-Winslow (W. H. Allen; 15s. 6d.), is the story of that famous Edwardian theatre, home of musical comedy at its effulgent height. Though flatly and somewhat inconsequently written, the book flooded me with nostalgia. For what? I hardly remember Daly's itself. I suppose, for the sheer idea of pleasure, well-being, self-confidence, swimming colours and dazzling lights. Since Daly's great days, something certainly has declined. Perhaps we enjoy ourselves with rather less conviction. Since revue edged musical comedy out of the first place, a faintly salty, ideological flavour has pervaded even light entertainment. And perhaps we have lost that social sense of the theatre: do we carry our cinema manners—slouching, smoking, the wearing of anything up or down from a mackintosh—into the theatre stalls? War, of course, excuses everything; but for years before 1939 the casual drabness of many theatre audiences was, progressively, more saddening and shocking.

At Daly's, each performance was an occasion: light streamed from the stage on to the décolletages, white ties, camellias, jewels; frequently, royalty beamed from its rose-embowered box. (King Manoel of Portugal saw *The Dollar Princess* twice weekly during his stay in London in 1909; and Edward VII once made his entrance, inadvertently but delightfully, by the stage door.)

Originally, Daly's was a "legitimate" theatre. It was built at the instance of, as it took its name from, Augustin Daly, the American manager; who, after several successful visits to London with his company, decided on a theatre of his own. So the site was bought and the place went up, "regardless." As a bow to Britain, Daly opened with Shakespeare; on June 27th, 1893, at the very highest pitch of a gala atmosphere, Daly's curtain rolled up for the first time on a spectacular performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, with the star Ada Rehan as Katherine. In the seasons that followed, Augustin Daly gauged London's mood and taste. He did the great service, too, of importing foreign artists: Bernhardt, Duse and Guitry played on this stage, which was also graced by our own Forbes-Robertson, Terriss and Bouchier.

## Klondike

But that seems a distant phase. Augustin Daly returned to his own land and came no more: it was with the kingly (in his own world) name of George Edwardes that Daly's Theatre came to be, and remained, associated. And it was Edwardes's genius that put musical comedy on the map.

Musical comedy [says Mr. Forbes-Winslow] became a theatrical Klondike for Edwardes's collaborators. Authors, composers and artists amassed fortunes; scene-painters rocketed to an

hitherto undreamed-of prosperity; costumiers, property-makers and printers shared in the lucky strike. The wealth so earned was distributed over every kind of business that impinged on the theatre. These were the dream days of the cabbies and florists, who were kept busy by stage-struck, wealthy young men about town who haunted Daly's stage door in the hopes of inducing a favourite to take lunch or supper with them, or even to earn a smile. Restaurants boomed, and wherever the stars lunched or supped, there the smart crowd, with money to burn, was to be found. . . .

Theatrical history was made at Daly's Theatre on June 8th, 1907, when *The Merry Widow* was produced. After the first night it seemed to most of the audience that there was no reason why the piece should not run for ever. Actually, *The Merry Widow* ran for 778 performances. But mere statistics can convey no adequate impression of the glory—there is really no other word for it—won by this Viennese musical comedy. It was certainly the crown of George Edwardes's success. . . . But *The Merry Widow* was something more than a workaday musical comedy. Its own authentic and exceptional qualities were expressed by the spirit of the time. It hit Edwardian England at the peak of its lightest social mood. It brought Danubian romance to a society still fettered by the pursuit of wealth, but already conscious of uneasy stirrings outside the portals of Forsytesdom. One might say, indeed, that *The Merry Widow*—in a theatrical sense—was the last romantic fling of a world already passing into the shadows of crisis and war.



Pridham, Torquay

## Winner of the Louis B. Mayer Prize

Miss Elizabeth Goudge, forty-four-year-old British novelist, has been awarded the Louis B. Mayer prize of £30,000 for "Green Dolphin Street," which is judged the best novel of the year published in the United States, and has also been selected by the Literary Guild as their September choice.

*The Merry Widow* was, then, the high point. But there had been a crescendo of successes. *Hansel and Gretel*, the first opening under the Edwardes's management, was little more, apparently, than a measuring-stick. The second production, *An Artist's Model*, opening in February 1895, ran for 405 performances; to be followed, in 1896, by *The Geisha* (760). *A Greek Slave*, in 1898, ran for 352; then came *San Toy* (768); *A Country Girl* (729); *The Cingalee* (363); *The Little Michus* (397); *Les Merveilleuses*—or, *The Lady Dandies*—(196). After *The Merry Widow*, *The Dollar Princess* ran for 482; then came *The Count of Luxembourg* (345); *Gypsy Love* (229); and *The Marriage Market* (423).

In *San Toy*, Marie Tempest refused to appear in shorts; in *The Geisha* she looked ravishing in a kimono. Lily Elsie starred in *The Merry Widow*, Evie Greene in *The Lady Dandies*; Hilda Moody in the Manchester and Lily Elsie in the London *Dollar Princess*; Mabel Russell in *A Country Girl*. Phyllis Dare, Evelyn Laye, Letty Lind, Sari Petras, Hayden Coffin, Huntley Wright, W. H. Berry, Bertram Wallis—these are some of the names that were, at different times, tied to Daly's.

How far did the fact that the finest musical comedies were Viennese, exercising "Danubian" charm, account for our lasting romantic attraction to the Austrian capital—on which Hollywood has not been slow to cash in? I have said that Mr. Forbes-Winslow writes inconsequently, and, in spite of my gratitude to him, I must return to this. His

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

WHAT the heart doesn't lovingly cling to, memory

By Richard King

doesn't haunt. Unfortunately, memory of things past tends to glorify the picture, and the heart, following suit, suffers accordingly. Sometimes I think that the best way to obliterate that glowing remembrance is to concentrate on the poignant little "hurts," the words and actions which proved that all was not as perfect as at the time the heart wished it would be, rather than to remember the exquisite moments of complete affinity which later on make memory such a torturing endurance.

For no one is irreplaceable—even, in the long run, in love. And not a friendship, not a love-affair, however perfect, but does not prove this on occasion. The illusion is lovely while it lasts, but it does not last quite long enough. Thus the only way to thrust these perfect moments into the past, making them less devastating in our present loneliness, is to remember all the bad patches, the slights, intentional or merely careless, which stabbed the heart so deeply at the time, but which now can nevertheless lead us towards the freedom of resignation. For love makes us such absolute slaves, and absolute slavery is the enemy of personality. Without command of our own personal life we live naked and without protection.

So, while we remember in bitter-sweet sorrow the joy from which we are now estranged, we may bear the separation with a less tortured heart and memory if we also concentrate on the recollection of the ugly, forgetful side of every human association, however perfect on the surface. For longing without fulfilment can get us nowhere, whereas if we also conjure back the seamier side which otherwise

the heart, associated with memory, always paints in outrageously glorious

Technicolor, we do at least get back to ourselves and to reality. So we can the better face up to things as they are and really were, and, though life may still hurt us tragically, we can no longer, metaphorically speaking, be slain.

When happiness hangs on a thread, as it does so greatly in these grim years, one is apt to indulge in excesses which, given life's ordinary security, we would never dream of indulging. It is as if we would "drug" ourselves in some way, rather than face that thread and all it signified in life's hereafter. Rose-coloured memories only make the torture more acute. It is wiser to thrust them aside, since the memory of them taunts our loneliness until the whole sweet savour of more living is almost lost. And nothing is gained thus. On the contrary. We become unbearable to ourselves and others. Only one thing can then save us: it is to get a grip on ourselves and to view past happiness as subconsciously we felt it really was, not as the heart always pretended it must be.

The heart simply loves its own lies. The fairy-tales we tell ourselves can easily become more actual than reality. It is only when the fairy-tale has come to an end, finally or merely temporarily, that we live lost in an inner world of woe. So, if sorrow's crown of sorrow be remembering happier things, then present contentment can often ease the woe by remembering deliberately the unhappiness which the heart, dreaming of the past, often conveniently leaves out. It is so apt to turn that crown into a halo. Thus, as is the way of hearts, denying that the present even wears a hat!



Keigwin — England

Capt. Timothy Carlton Keigwin, M.C., Irish Guards, only son of the late C. H. S. Keigwin, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Angela England, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. N. A. England and of Mrs. England, of Kettlewell, Yorkshire, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Rimmer — Dalton

Vandyk

Capt. Hylton Moring Rimmer, R.E., son of the late J. R. Rimmer and of Mrs. Rimmer, of Mount Drive, Harrow, and Miss Margaret Winifred Dalton, only daughter of Col. Sir John and Lady Dalton, of 20, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place



Heseltine — Campbell Browning

Mr. John Peregrine Heseltine (late The King's Royal Rifle Corps), only son of the late Major Godfrey Heseltine, and Mrs. Heseltine, married Miss Elisabeth Francesca Campbell Browning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell Browning, at Brompton Oratory

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



Maxwell — Etheridge

Major John Maitland Maxwell, R.E., elder son of Sir John and Lady Maxwell, of 2, King Edward Road, New Delhi, India, married Miss Margaret Ann Gwyn Etheridge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Etheridge, of the Mount, Hampstead, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Boulton — Hunter

Major William Whytehead Boulton, Essex Yeomanry, R.H.A., second son of Sir William Boulton, M.P., and Lady Boulton, of Braxted Park, Witham, Essex, married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. H. N. A. Hunter, of Borovere, Alton, Hants., at All Saints' Church, Alton

## Right:

Capt. John Gordon, Chevenix Trench, Royal Signals, son of Brig. and Mrs. Ralph Chevenix Trench, of Wood End, Studland, Dorset, married Miss Ann Patricia Moore, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Moore, of Fosse Cottage, Gerrard's Cross, at St. James's Church, Gerrard's Cross



Chevenix Trench — Moore

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

who was Financial Adviser to the Hungarian Government when the restaurant originally started; Mr. Alexander Lowe McColl, Chairman of the Vacuum Oil Company; Miss Joy Snell; and Brigadier Pat Kelly, of the Canadian Army.

Tommy Trinder, fresh from new successes in George Black's very bright show, *Happy and Glorious*, at the Palladium, had Zoë Gail at his table. During the evening he took over the mike, impromptu, and sang and danced to his fellow-guests, among whom I saw Florence Desmond, Jack Hylton, Ilona Sylver and Betty Schofield. Sixteen lighted candles decorated the huge birthday-cake, which was borne in triumphantly by Tommy Trinder at midnight and cut by Vecchi as his guests sang with the orchestra "Happy Birthday" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The party was a huge success, and went on till past four in the morning, when Vecchi, like a magician, managed to produce a delicious fish-and-chips breakfast for everyone there.

### Wonderful War Pictures

A FINE exhibition is being held, under the auspices of the War Artists' Advisory Committee, at the National Gallery. They are showing "up-to-the-minute" war pictures, many sketched in the firing-line, which are full of action and very vivid.

Gallery I is nearly all pictures done since "D" Day, of our landings, and the battlefields in France and Belgium. They include some good water-colours by Anthony Gross, which he did with the Fiftieth Northumbrian Division as they went through France and Belgium; a series of pictures by Captain Albert Richards, who landed with the Sixth Airborne Division to do this work; and pictures by Stephen Bone, Thomas Hennell and Edward Ardizzone. One gallery is devoted entirely to new oil-paintings, which include a large painting by Dame Laura Knight called "Take Off."

The exhibition was opened by Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., the Minister of Information, who made a short speech on the valuable work our war artists are doing. In many cases they risk their lives, and, in fact, several have been killed on duty. It is hoped that these pictures will eventually be shown throughout Great Britain, and then all over the world. Mr. Bracken paid tribute to Sir Kenneth Clark and his committee for all the trouble they have taken in collecting this exhibition. Sir Kenneth, who is Director of the National Gallery, was present at the opening ceremony, with Lady Clark, who was looking very nice in black. They had their young son, Colin, with them. Lady Clark was chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who looked very pretty in a long summer ermine coat, with a black velvet beret which had the unusual trimming of small rounds of mirror glass. On his way up to the platform Mr. Brendan Bracken stopped to greet these two ladies, giving Mrs. Randolph Churchill a friendly kiss. After the opening Sir Kenneth Clark escorted the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, around the galleries.

Amongst others present were Mr. Vincent Massey, the High Commissioner for Canada; Lord Iliffe; Wing-Commander Lord Willoughby de Broke, in R.A.F. uniform, talking to Group-Captain Sir Louis Greig; and Lady Burton, who looked very attractive in red and was talking to Mr. Ivor Lambe, Honorary Public Relations Adviser to the National Gallery, who has worked hard to help organise these exhibitions during the past five years.



*The Red Cross Jewel Sale in London*

Jewels given to help the work of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund were sold at Derby House recently, and realised £6,273. Here are Mrs. Philip Hill, the chairman; Miss Margaret Walker, Red Cross Commandant; and Mrs. Hugh McGill, examining some of the exhibits presented by Col. Porritt

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

non sequiturs now and then made my head reel, and I felt that he might have arranged his fascinating material better. He is guiltless, I must say, of over-writing; and I am glad his subject has not fallen into the hands of someone who might have made it a more self-conscious "period piece." But he has a distracting way of darting off from his headings: "When Royalty Goes to the Show," and "Brides for the Nobility"—Daly's provided many—could not have been more promising; but were we told enough?

### How Not To

"How to Write," by Stephen Leacock (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), will, I imagine, be seized upon by so many literary aspirants that the edition is bound to be soon exhausted. As the publisher foresees, you are likely to ask, is this Leacock the humorist or Leacock the professor? I agree with the publisher's answer: both. Having dispelled fear by a manner drawn from the first incarnation, Professor Leacock proceeds to inculcate truths reached by trained hard thought in the second. To encourage thought, and dispel misty, mystical vagueness as to the art of writing is, in fact, his object. He opens, and finally sums up, by saying so.

The main idea [of the book] is that writing originates in thinking. The basis of thinking is sincerity and interest in the world around us. If you can add a kindly goodwill towards man, that is an even firmer base.

Writing can never be achieved by learning what to avoid and what to leave out. There must be something put in before you can leave anything out. Writing comes from having something to say and trying hard to say it.

All the same, I found that Professor Leacock's principles did boil down to mainly negative, though always excellent, ones—such as, "Don't be paralysed by fear of grammar; don't be too much infatuated by word magic; don't assume that whatever interests you is bound automatically to interest everyone else, apart from how you put it down on paper; and, on the other hand, don't be too modest." He himself began by being too modest. "I did not personally get started writing, except for a few odd pieces, until I was forty years old. Like the milkmaid with a fortune in her face, I had a fortune (at least as good as hers) in my head. Yet I spent ten weary years as an impecunious schoolmaster without ever realising this asset. The fault . . . was entirely my own. I had too little courage, was too sensitive."

The first thing, he says, is to get something down somehow: only by writing do you learn how to write. There is no doubt that the particular kind of thinking involved by writing—I should, more narrowly, call it concentration—is an induced habit, or state, of mind. It is essential to know what you want to say; imperfect knowledge results in a hit-or-miss style, prolixities or great, dead, unmeaning patches of words. On the subject of language Professor Leacock is interesting; and his chapter, "The Art of Narration," is the pith of the book and could not be more useful. His many and varied examples of "how not to" are, of course, as funny as you could wish. Here and there I, enjoyably, don't agree with him. And he staggered me by speaking of Anthony Trollope as "a once-famous English writer, now mostly forgotten."

### Doctor Doctor

In *Doctor Philligo: His Journals and Opinions* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), C. E. Vulliamy gives us a fascinating successor to *The Montagu-Puffins* and *The Polderoy Papers*. This manner of giving us real English social history in relation to, or seen through the eyes of, imaginary personages, is Mr. Vulliamy's own: he has, you might say, patented by perfecting it. It might seem easy enough to produce a "fake" diary of a middle-aged doctor, living in the Cotswolds between 1887 and 1902. But here we have something more: we have events—both near and distant, domestic and political—not only commented on but measured by someone who is four-square character and has a consistent, interesting point of view.

I grew fonder and fonder of Doctor Philligo, like his wife Lucy, entered into his hopes and fears with regard to his brother Harry and sister-in-law, Hetty Prue; and I could not have been sorrier that his two nieces, "our little saint" Sophie and "our darling" Dolly, gave him such a bad deal. The predicament about "Joey," the awful gift lamp-stand clustered with stuffed monkeys, looms large—but so do the rights and wrongs of the Parnell case, Mr. Gladstone's attitudes, two Jubilees, Oscar Wilde's downfall, the Boer War. We see the world, Europe, England, reflected into this small, but true, Cotswold mirror. Doctor Philligo—liberal-minded, a believer in progress but a hater of change, philosophic, downright, far from unsentimental—is God's Englishman. And don't miss meeting his neighbours—a really hair-raising crew.

### Predicament

WHAT would you do, how would you feel, if on the very day of announcing your engagement at a village fete, you were informed that the gentle creature of your affections was a triple murderer who had already accounted for a couple of husbands and one fiancé? Such is Dick Markham's predicament in John Dickson Carr's *Till Death Do Us Part* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.). Given Dickson Carr handling at its finest, the situation develops rapidly and in unforeseen directions. No other detective-story writer has quite this power of at once brilliantly lighting his characters and, at the same time, retaining in each an element of mystery—so that, virtually, anyone might do anything. For humour, scene-setting, lifelike dialogue, and scrupulous fair play where every clue is concerned, give me a John Dickson Carr story.

## Windak in use . . . . . No. 5



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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AT a course for transport officers in India one subaltern had not paid a great deal of attention to the instruction imparted, and on the last day he was asked by the commandant to step forward and tell the age of a mule.

The young officer opened the mule's mouth in garter fashion and peered inside inquisitively. Then he said: "Well—er—sir, I don't think that I can give you the—er—age of this mule, but judging by his tongue, I'd say he was up very late last night."

WHEN he put a penny in the slot of a stamp machine outside a suburban post office a man was surprised to receive not only half a dozen stamps, but a small shower of coppers. So he went into the post office and said: "That stamp machine—"

He got no farther.

"Oh, I know," said the girl behind the counter, "it's jammed again," and she pushed a penny across the counter.

ONE evening the sister at the hospital had just finished making the young subaltern comfortable for the night, and before going off duty she asked: "Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?"

The sub replied: "Well, yes! I should like very much to be kissed good night."

Sister rustled to the door.

"Just wait till I call the orderly," she said. "He does all the rough work round here."

THE football enthusiast was bemoaning his hard luck with last week's coupon.

"Just one goal beat me for an extra week's wages," he said gloomily to his wife. "The centre-forward had the goal at his mercy in the last minute of the game, but the ball went over the bar."

"Never mind," said the wife, "the extra week's wages would have gone the same way."

A MURDER trial was in progress, and the whole case hung on the matter of time. Only one witness had seen the prisoner on the day in question, and he was the timid little man in the witness box.

Counsel for the defence stood up, cleared his throat, and pointed his finger at the witness.

"Now think carefully," he began. "Are you quite sure it was exactly a quarter to nine when you met my client?"

"Er—quite sure, sir," replied the witness.

"Remember," went on counsel sternly, "that a man's life depends on your being right. It was a lonely road, there were no clocks about, you admit you hadn't a watch, yet you remember the time exactly. Tell me, did you have anything at all to say to my client?"

"Yes."

"What did you say to him?"

"I said to him: 'Excuse me, but can you tell me the time?'"

JOAN had been naughty nearly all day. When her mother was putting her to bed she said: "When you say your prayers, Joan, ask God to make you a good girl tomorrow."

With an inquiring glance Joan asked: "Why? What's on tomorrow?"



Film Company in Cornwall Entertained at "Penrice"

Several scenes in the film "Johnny Frenchman," which is being made by Michael Balcon, have been shot in the beautiful grounds of "Penrice," the home of Colonel and Mrs. Cobbold Saule. In the photograph above are Mr. Ralph Michael, Mr. Tom Walls, Mrs. Cobbold Saule, Col. Cobbold Saule, Mrs. Saule's companion, Mme Françoise Rosay and Miss Patricia Roc

A NOTICE at an office in a military establishment in Scotland, where civilian callers sometimes cause draughts, reads:

"This is a free country."

"You may open or shut your eyes, ears or mouth as you please."

"BUT KEEP THIS DOOR SHUT."

"DADDY," said the small boy, "what do you mean by a gentleman farmer?"

"A gentleman farmer, my boy," answered the parent, "is one who seldom raises anything but his hat!"

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*Matching Woollies* in soft angora and wool. Jumper has short sleeves and classic neckline. In sky, dusty pink, sweet corn, turquoise, soft green, rust or cherry. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38.  
Jumper 25/- Cardigan 6 coupons 31'6

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Cosy button-to-the-neck Cardigan in fluffy brushed alpaca. In natural brown or flannel grey. W. stock size.  
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Also same style in brushed rayon, in powder blue, dusty pink, cherry, soft green, royal, wine or biscuit. W. size. 4 coupons 41'6

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Civil Air

MANY moves have been made since I last wrote on the subject of civil aviation. The general outcome of them is that I think we can now be said to be getting ready for a real effort. We shall soon have done what can be done to provide the right administrative and organizational structure and the responsibility will pass to the manufacturers and operators. The manufacturers must strive to look ahead and to guess correctly the kinds of aircraft that will be wanted four or five years hence. The work of the Brabazon committee has aided them; but manufacturing individuality must be imposed upon it. For example, de Havilland aircraft have had the D.H. touch since the early days. If de Havilland were to turn to making one of the machines recommended by the Brabazon committee, they would still keep that D.H. touch. And I think that the success of an aircraft depends very largely upon this individual note. The Americans are tending to suppress the individual note. By the most elaborate statistical studies they reduce almost everything to a formula. And the formula is always effective. But it can always be beaten by the individual inspiration. That is where the British manufacturer may get his chance.

## Aircraft Looker

As there are wine tasters, so I would like to see manufacturers engaged on this work of creating the post-war civil air fleets, employing an aircraft looker. His task would be to look at the drawings of a proposed new type and at the mock-up. He would then express in words the exact flavour of that machine.

The secrecy with which military aircraft have been surrounded has given most of us an opportunity to realize how the looks betray the aircraft. We hear of a new type and its qualities are boosted by all the power of Government publicity. Then, at last, a picture is released. Our impressions of the aircraft

may then undergo a complete change. The appearance of the machine may sadly disappoint and may undo all the prestige previously built up. Or on the other hand the appearance may confirm. But in the look of the aircraft there is for those who know how to see it, the final judgment on the machine.

There are certain American aircraft whose looks do not support the publicity they have received. Without in the least belittling the wonderful work of Northrop I would say, for instance, that the Black Widow is a disappointment. Its appearance, curiously enough, was first made public (while the aircraft was still supposed to be secret) in a drawing in a strip cartoon, which gave a very accurate picture of the machine. The many photographs now circulating give the rest of the picture. I cannot see how this machine can justify its existence. I do not know the performance figures; but I am prepared categorically to state—solely on looks—that it is a lot slower than the Mosquito. What can it do that the Mosquito cannot do? I have yet to learn. Sometimes, therefore, American aircraft fail to live up to their publicity. Sometimes, on the other hand, they get ahead of it. The Consolidated Constellation, for instance, is now being much criticized in the inner circles of aviation. Yet I would say that the looks of this machine are good. I therefore hesitate to accept the criticisms.

## Tax-gatherer

IT was good to read in an official communiqué that a Tempest pilot who brought down an exceptionally large number of flying bombs was formerly an official of the Department of Inland Revenue. I feel that it



**Group Captain Sidney Smith (ret.), D.S.O., A.F.C., has been appointed by the Air Ministry as Commandant of London Command Air Training Corps in succession to the late Air Chief Marshal Sir William Mitchell. Group Captain Smith joined the R.F.C. in 1915 and was awarded the D.S.O. in 1917**

would be cruelty to turn the kind of officials with whom I deal in this department upon human pilots. One would positively pit any member of the Luftwaffe who was being pursued by any Royal Air Force man whose peace-time activities had taught him the technique of the most relentless form of pursuit of all.

There was one thing about the work of our pilots in providing fighter defence against the flying bomb which I did not think suitable for comment while the attack continued, but which may now perhaps be raised without offence. It concerns the giving of decorations for successes against flying bombs. I would say that the right decoration would be the Air Force Cross and not the Distinguished Flying Cross. C. G. Grey once perfectly stated the difference between them by saying that the D.F.C. was given for flying in the face of the enemy, and the A.F.C. for flying in the face of providence. The A.F.C. usually goes for exceptionally good work in difficult and dangerous test flying; but

the work against the flying bombs fitted it. I would have liked to have seen the D.F.C. reserved for those operations when the enemy is hitting back. It is true that if the fighter pilot went too close he might be blown up by the exploding bomb. But all the men on the ends of balloon cables underwent this risk.

About the flying bomb itself, one thing still remains a mystery to me in spite of the Ministry of Aircraft Production's revelations. It is said that in the combustion chamber of the engine there is an ordinary sparking plug. But no one mentions any other electrical equipment. I would like to know whether the plug is connected up with a starting magneto not carried in the bomb or how else it is worked.

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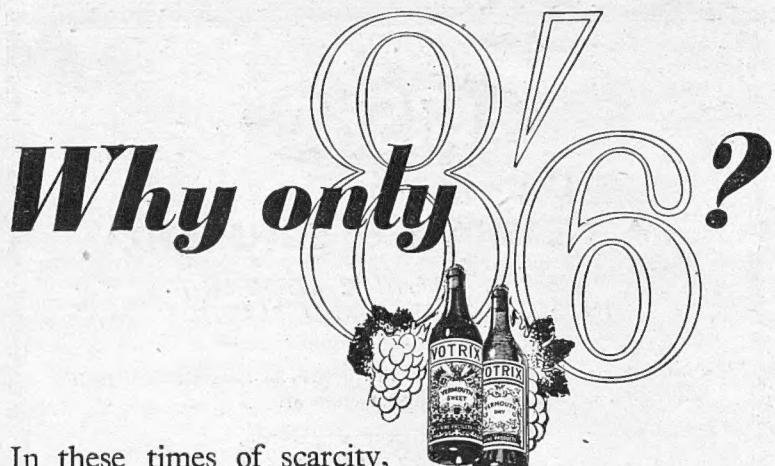
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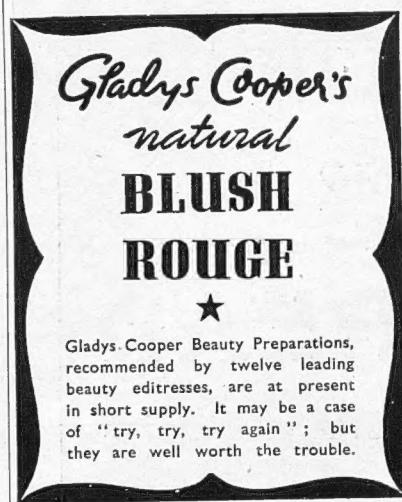


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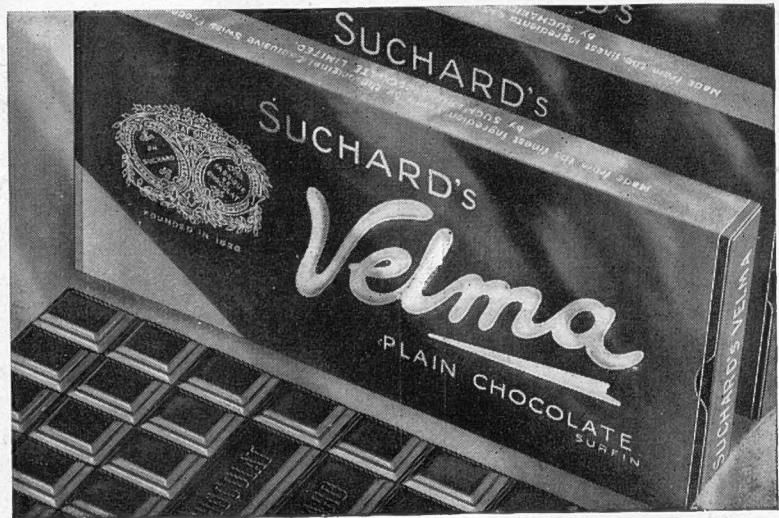
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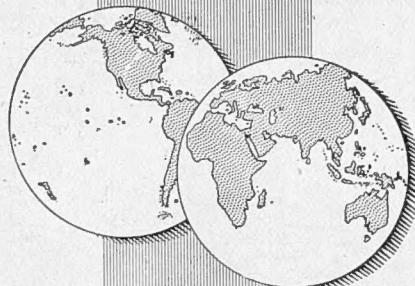
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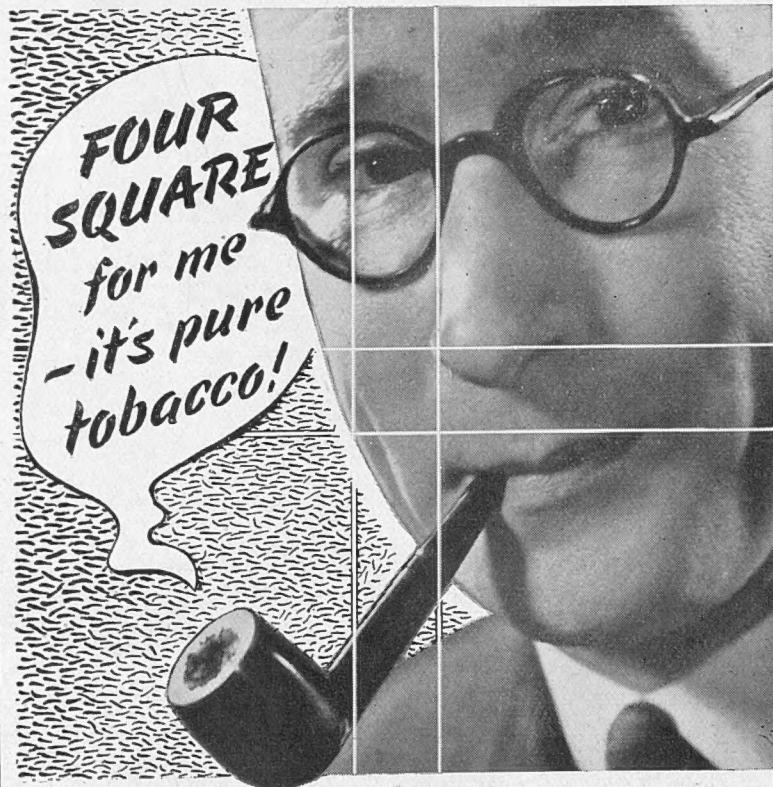
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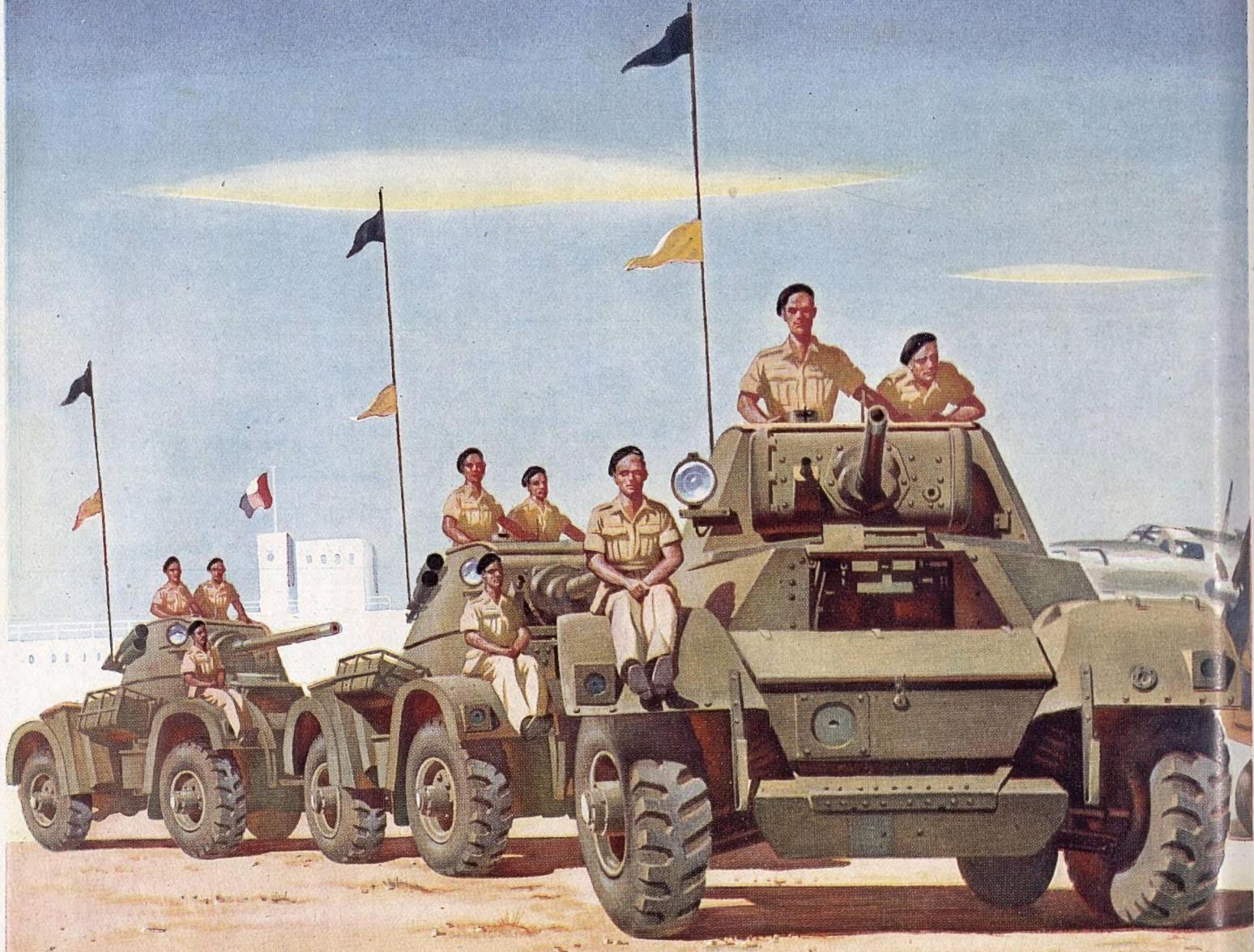
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